

this street, or just removed within curious and often winsome courts and closes, are centuries-old shops, homes and inns. The shops are just as they stood almost so long ago as when this region was little Britain, and hundreds of pack-horses passed and repassed daily with their rude mountain traffic. The homes are almost as they were in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with their solid old doors, tiny windows, protruding upper stories, picturesque gables, trim dormers, and curious hand worked oak, iron and brass. And the inns are just as they were when they lodged the true geni of the lake district, Gray, Scott and Wordsworth, Coleridge, DeQuincey and Shelley, Southey, "Christopher North" and Ruskin, Fitzgerald, Tennyson and Dr. Arnold, Harriet Martineau, Charlotte Bronte and Mrs Hemans, and hosts of others whose after touch of brush or pen has given all this region its most tender and imperishable charm. All this one may largely know before coming, but only truly know and feel when here; and that soft and gentle influence pervading all the fine old place, which is largely of a later, and different growth than out of the spell put on the town by the pens of the immortals, is something one can alone comprehend when sharing here its sunny actuality.

Huddled closely as in the ancient town along its single business thoroughfare of shops and inns, there is a fine, brave face of modern fashioning even upon these oldest habitations; a face of sunny welcome, one might say, brightened in countless ways by the pretty things and showings of modern luxury and use. The shadowy old shops are cheery from their neat array of London wares. The inns and homes are prim and smart with flashing brasses, rich curtainings and shining varnish and paint. From street end to end the long crooked thoroughfare is lovely in its groupings of color in luscious vegetables, fruits and flowers; while leading out from this the lanes, courts and broader streets of later days give charming vistas as one may find; modern homes of opulence, villas large and ample, old habitations transformed to new, and all set about in such wealth of hedge, tree and flower, as to tell a cheery, pleasant story of Keswick folk and town.

All these are things the traveler instinctively places by contrast at a glance; but as I wandered up and down the fine old street, seeking in vain for a place to lay my head during the night, and at each inn or house of entertainment being met by the same commiserating expressed word of "Full o' tourists?" or "Very last place taken by 'Kes'ick movement' folk!" I could not then quite understand the significance of the "Kes'ick movement," or account for a kindliness that seemed to pervade all Keswick town, though every street was filled with people. Indeed in the half-shadowy, saffron light which came with the close of day, there was such softness of foot-fall and such modulations of activities and speech as seemed to give the effect of throngs moving in a dream.

The gay coachloads announcing by shrill bugle notes and resounding horn their return from a day's outing in the mountains checked their voraciousness as the town-edge was reached, and crept quietly to the booking stations and inns. The cyclists, shooting from the heights on spheres of flash and speed, dismounted and walked to their lodgings

beside their gleaming wheels. The street-preachers, those windy religious individuals of summer evenings in all English towns, held the crowds around them in respectable and subdued discourse; and even those pansy-hooded wenches of the Salvation Army, who are gathering up the pennies of the poor in England at the rate of nearly a half million pounds a year, sounded their loud timbrels in consonance with the pervading benignant spell, and salaamed, pirouetted and ricocheted as though somewhat graceful in grace. If it could be properly said of ten thousand folk of all degree, to the stranger Keswick town seemed in a dreamful sort of purring ecstasy from bestowed, rather than anticipated, material and spiritual content.

I noticed too, as the evening advanced, that at least half the folk upon the street held in their hands folded slips of paper, large folios like programs, or tiny bound copies of the gospels, their pages interspersed with pressed mountain leaves and flowers or with ribbons, each apparently at the place of some timely text. Most of these folk gradually changed the course of their various promenades to a common direction. After a time, partly from vagrant impulse, something from curious interest, largely because I knew not where else to go, and no little from those emotions which are always active in the wanderer's breast from something like a homesick fervor for human companionship, even if every face and form you look upon have alien ties, I followed the crowds through a few squares of the compact old town.

Just at its southern edge, where the green sward dipped prettily to the water way of the romantic Greta stream, I at last came with the last comers to a huge tent filled with about five thousand worshippers, then engaged in prayer. I crept into the place, secured an unoccupied settle along the tent edge some distance from the door and steve with a keenly awakened interest to comprehend the exact significance of so great a religious gathering in so remote a part of England, and, with something like critical curiosity, to judge if I might the real spirit of an assemblage, composed as could be instantly discovered of representatives of widely divergent faiths and creeds.

Straight opposite the entrance was a broad, raised platform. Its central portion was reserved for leaders and speakers, and a large wing at either side was filled with members of the choir. There was naught else between the benches, ranged arena like around the front and ends, with their occupants, and the canvas of the roof above. Plain to severity was the place of this great convocation. The services, purely of prayer and praise in song, seemed equally free from the many common artifices for exciting extraneous interest. Nor was there in the entire evening service a single ebullition of those physical phenomena which often attend certain conditions of "religious" excitement. I never elsewhere heard prayer in so softened tones. One might almost liken it to a barely audible aspiration of spiritual longing for larger peace through faith, rather than in many similar gatherings, a startling verbal argument with the Almighty for failure in granting greater lung power. The hymns were from a collection called "Hymns of Consecration and Faith."

They spoke tenderly and devotedly those two essentials to the perfect Christian life, and those alone. It was as though an unbroken and unutterable peace possessed every one of those five thousand souls. From opening invocation to closing word of blessing there was but one exalted, peaceful strain sweetly thrilling through every human tone—"I am Thine and Thou art mine!" And then they went away with calm or glowing faces into the balmy summer night.

As the tent was being closed, not having a place to lay my head that night, I still sat at the tent-edge on the old settle. A half dozen men and women came to me. I attempted to explain that I could not secure lodging in Keswick, though quite able to pay my reckoning. They would not hear me out. Their hearts were attuned to the spirit of the place and the words of the service they had uttered. They saw me, travel-stained and houseless, only with the eyes of compassion and help. Two gave me a sixpence each, another a shilling, another a threepenny bit, with words of material and spiritual consolation for the night, the morrow, and eternity. Even the old caretaker, having seen these good souls out and extinguished the last lamp, stumbled back to me with an ancient lantern in his hand and let even his feeble light so shine that he found a huge copper penny which he pressed into my hand with the kindly admonition,

"Bide 'ere t' moarn, n' I'll tha oot for a beet (bite) t' my ain table. Ma' t' Laird be wi' tha ower neet an' oalas (always)."

I sank into a dreamless slumber, and was awakened betimes by the old caretaker. True to his word he took me to his cottage for breakfast, where with explanations I left the coin so kindly forced upon me the previous night, and, having had the honor of being the only person ever exclusively entertained over night by the Keswick Convention, after I had got well settled in a comfortable inn, where departing tourists gave me place, I leisurely enjoyed old Keswick town and its romantic surroundings and a cursory study of the "Keswick movement."

These now noted Keswick conventions are simply great gatherings of English, Scotch and Irish clergymen and other Christian workers of all orthodox faiths.

They are the outgrowth of meetings many years ago in the north and west of England of local bodies of the International Evangelical Alliance, and their influence upon the spiritual lives of individual clergymen, particularly the late Canon T. D. Harford-Battersby, incumbent of St. John's Church, Keswick, who, perhaps also aided by the gentle spell of the Lake District geni, gradually departed from Tractarian principles to the Evangelical school. His life and work were those of grand, sweet and indeed holy man, sorrowing for the metes and bounds of creeds separating those working for the salvation of men, and fervidly striving for complete Christian unity in essential throughs realization of an exalted faith.

In September, 1874, was held the Oxford convention on similar lines. It created an epoch in the lives of many hundreds of believing Christians, and set on foot a movement of great and increasing power for the promotion of holiness. Canon Battersby attended